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## Connecticut College Alumnae News Vol. 10 No. 3

Connecticut College

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NEWS

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Published by the  
ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION OF  
CONNECTICUT COLLEGE

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**APRIL-1933**

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# CONNECTICUT COLLEGE ALUMNAE NEWS

VOL. X

APRIL, 1933

No. 3

## ALUMNAE BACK ON THE COURT



First Row: Frances Huling, ex-'28, Abby Kelsey '28, Mary Crofoot DeGange '27, Jessie Williams Kohl '26.

Second Row: Jane Moore '31, Ruth Baylis '32, Frances Brooks '30, Julia Salter '32.

Top Row: Mary Bond '29.

## Sidelights on Alumnae Week-end

By GERTRUDE E. NOYES '25

I am sure we all think of Alumnae Week-end as focused in the luncheon. Before that the interest wavers from registering to renewing old acquaintances or revisiting classes of favorite professors; after that farewells and departures are in the air.

The main address was given by Professor William B. Doyle, who is retiring at the close of the year from his long service at the college. Mr. Doyle spoke of the personal pleasure he had always found in teaching and of the many friendships he had made. The applause following his speech expressed the best wishes of the alumnae, all of whom remember him most kindly.

The affair ended fittingly with songs by Lydia Marvin '21, whose voice brought pleasure to all and revived memories for many.

After the luncheon groups of alumnae visited the arboretum and the Lyman E. Allyn Museum. The largest number made a tour of inspection of the new Coast Guard Academy, where the sight of a large campus and ideal buildings for every purpose was impressive enough. There was a conscientious attempt to look intelligent and uphold the honor of our institution when miles of bafflingly intricate machinery were pointed out casually to us.

Other novel features of the week-end should be mentioned. The alumnae embarked on their week-end vigorously by showing their physical powers in the traditional basketball game. This year the game was interesting not for sentimental reasons

(Continued on Page 3)



## Students Practice Teaching In Local Secondary School Classes

A new step forward last year, that of practice teaching in local high schools, has this year, still under Dr. Frances Clarke's able supervision, become an important element in the training of C. C. girls who plan to teach. A statement from the department of education follows:

"Since the beginning of the present semester we have had three classes at W. M. I. entirely motivated by our own students. One class is in art, one in civics, and one in general science. The students assigned to manage these classes are in every way responsible for the work, although the teachers at W. M. I. who have other classes in these subjects are helpful. We naturally have tried to choose the most capable girls for this experience, and four girls are assigned to each course. Thus twelve students are getting this experience under Principal Buell this semester, and he seems quite pleased with the whole experiment. Recently he commented enthusiastically about the work being done in the science class.

"At The Robert E. Fitch high school in Groton, we have students getting experience under good teachers through the kind co-operation of Principal Haggard. We also have some of our students getting practice in teaching at Bulkeley and some working under other teachers at W. M. I. We have, all told, 24 embryo teachers, about twice the enrollment of last year."

## Cornerstone of New Dormitory To Be Laid At College May 20

May 20 will mark the date of the laying of the cornerstone of a new dormitory at Connecticut — Windham House. President James Rowland Angell of Yale will be the guest speaker at the ceremony.

The structure, located north of Knowlton House and west of the college library, will house 63 students. It will be finished in time for the beginning of the academic year in September.

Windham House will be of granite construction and three stories high. The basement will contain a reception room, lounge, women's room, game room, dining room, pantry, storage and heating room. The first floor will have dormitory rooms, a living room, and a study room. On the second, third and attic floors there will be dormitory rooms.

## COMING EVENTS OF INTEREST TO ALUMNAE

\*April 28—The senior class sponsors the Jitney Players in "Caste"

May 5—Rufus Rose comes with his Marionettes

\*May 6—The Faculty Players present a second performance of the three one-act plays for alumnae and townspeople audience

May 12-13—Junior Prom

May 19—Spring Play

May 20—Freshman Circus  
Laying of the Cornerstone for Windham Dormitory with President James Rowland Angell of Yale speaking

June 12—Commencement

\*Proceeds from both the faculty plays and the Jitney Players' performance will go toward scholarship assistance.

## Chicago Chapter Plays Hostess To Visitors of World Fair

Connecticut graduates who plan to attend "A Century of Progress," Chicago's 1933 modernized World's Fair, will find a special welcome if they go to the central meeting place on the grounds arranged by the College Women's Board for a Century of Progress. Members of the Chicago C. C. Chapter, headed by Josephine Arnold '29, will be there to greet the members of other C. C. chapters.

Through the courtesy of the publishers of *Time* and *Fortune*, space has been given to the Board in the Time-Fortune building for the five months of the fair, June 1 to November 1. The member colleges include Bryn Mawr, Connecticut, Elmira, Goucher, Mills, Mount Holyoke, Rockford, Smith, Sweet Briar, Vassar, Wellesley, and Wells.

The Board will sponsor for those visiting Chicago alone the new Harriet McCormick Memorial Y. W. C. A. at Dearborn Street and Oak Street and the Central Branch Y. W. C. A. Residence at 830 South Michigan Avenue, which is close to the entrance of the fair, as well as the Chicago College Club at 196 East Delaware Place. Reservations should be made in advance to the above addresses.



## PROF. WILLIAM B. DOYLE RETIRES

**"For 14 Glorious Years I Have Had a Little Part  
in the Making of the History of Our College"**

"My race here is run, but I am still in the running. Life is a great adventure, and as I come to another fork in the road I am eagerly expectant to learn what new test and thrill await me."

These words are from the "valedictory" spoken at the alumnae luncheon by Professor William B. Doyle, who is retiring from his professorship of economics after 14 years at Connecticut, where he has won the love of all graduates and undergraduates who came into contact with him.

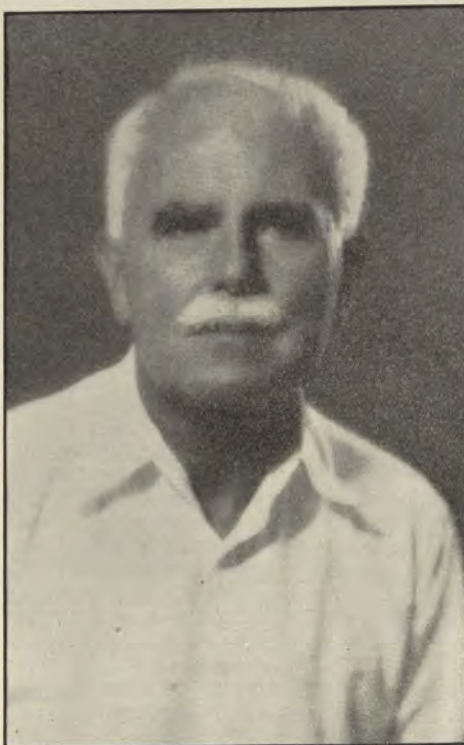
"Upon handing my portfolio over to my successor I feel inclined to make a report of my trusteeship . . . I have looked upon my opportunity here and any gift as a man and teacher which I may possess as a trust to be administered for the benefit and profit of the beneficiaries, and you, my students past and present, are the beneficiaries.

"This trust is different from the ordinary business type because in the latter the trustee is not permitted to enjoy any private personal benefit from his trust. But I feel that as trustee I have benefited as much from the relationship as the beneficiaries have . . . .

"In the first place, there is the keen joy it has brought to me. I have never once entered the class-room without an elation of spirit . . . In the second place, this trustee feels that he has received as much training and knowledge from the execution of the trust as have the beneficiaries . . . A third personal gain has been the acquisition of a host of friends recruited from the incoming generations of students and from the faculty and trustees, too."

Mr. Doyle stressed inspiration as the first duty of every teacher and the starting point of all education. He continued to build up his talk around Alice Freeman Palmer, an outstanding example of "how personality works to effectuate the great purposes of education."

"I have been guilty of a pleasant exaggeration in the past by saying that if I were to found a college for men I would do so around a set of boxing gloves . . . If the college which I were to found were for the education of women, I believe I would do it around a book—'The Life of Alice Freeman Palmer' written by her husband, George Herbert Palmer . . . It has been said of her that 'she had the greatest joy in all that makes life lovely' . . . The ideals of such a life may well provide the foundation of an American institution for the higher learning of women."



Prof. William B. Doyle

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### Sidelights on Alumnae Week-end

*(Continued from Page 1)*

only but for itself. The score (Seniors, 18; Alumnae, 11) indicates the calibre of the struggle.

The tea which President Blunt has given formerly at her house overflowed this year into Knowlton salon. After the tea Mr. Kinsey showed films including one taken in Bolleswood during a recent picturesque snowstorm. Then there was a general exodus to Norwich Inn, where a leisurely dinner and much gossiping bridged the time till the "Pirates." The musical comedy topped off the evening with its moments of high romance, its beguiling bevy of sisters, its hilarious policeman chorus, and certain other uproarious choruses.

The lecture-conferences were expanded this year to answer many requests and were enthusiastically attended; they gave to the week-end in a pleasant and informal way much valuable educational content.



## AMONG THE CHAPTERS

Petitions for new chapters are coming in pairs. Buffalo had no sooner had its six charter members' names in the hands of the executive board, then along came Springfield's petition. These newest chapters now bring the total number up to 12, and at the same time provide headquarters for C. C. graduates who have been out of touch with group alumnae work and activity because they were not easily accessible to existing chapters.

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Buffalo has wasted no time. Under the leadership of Mercer *Camp* Stone '30 and with the coöperation of the charter members, neighboring undergraduates were gayly entertained at tea during spring vacation. That was a friendly gesture, but it was more than that. The undergraduates had been urged to bring friends whom they would like to interest in Connecticut. This they did, and, with the highlights of campus run off in some five hundred feet of film, loyal alumnae present to answer mothers' questions, and the exuberant undergrads detailing new developments at college, we will not be surprised to have whole Buffalo delegations enroll this coming fall. This matter of enrollment is largely a question of acquainting people with our Alma Mater, and what better way than through similar endeavors of alumnae?

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In New Jersey at the lovely Morristown home of Eunice *Gates* Woods '20 there is to be on May 27 a garden party and reception for President Blunt with this same purpose in view—that is, making Connecticut known to more New Jersey people. A hard-working New Jersey chapter is even now arranging to mail 400 invitations and planning for what promises to be one of the largest receptions so far sponsored.

Previous to this event, Dorothy Cluthe '31, will entertain the New Jersey chapter at her home on April 21, the program to be a musicale and sing.

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New York held its second meeting of the year also at the Barbizon. It was planned with the senior undergraduate guests in mind, and alumnae spoke on representative

professions and on general business opportunities. Honey Lou Owens '28 discussed Magazine Publishing and Advertising; Dorothy Hubbell '24, Library Work; Amy Hilker '24, Teaching; Madelyn *Smith* Gibson '26, Designing; Dorothy Bayley '28, Illustrating; Rosamond Beebe '26, Book Shop and Book Publishing; Julia Warner '23, Social Work; and Catherine Greer '29, Department Store Careers.

The usefulness of such a program seems to speak for itself. Coming from girls who have had the same college in common and from their own experience have learned about these fields of activity, their discussion is of value to C. C. girls to be seeking places in the same fields.

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Together these two metropolitan groups, New Jersey and New York, work with the sky as the limit. On board a Bermuda boat they have a plan for a gala dance, and with coöperation from fellow graduates it should be also a profitable dance.

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Chicago, we know by the announcement concerning World Fair time on another page, is aware of its relation and responsibility to college, too, and we are proud of the chapter.

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Meriden chooses Alice Ramsay to be the speaker from college at their spring meeting on May 10. New London and New Haven report activity, and both have paid first installments on 1933 chapter contributions to the Alumnae Fund.

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Buffalo, again, deserves honorable mention for two benefit bridges given before the undergraduate reception in April. Teddy Hewlitt '26 and Eunice Stuhlmiller sponsored one of five tables on March 17, and prior to that Peg *Merriam* Zellers '28 and Mercer *Camp* Stone '30 had a similar one at the Zellers' house. Mercer writes that "another thing we alumnae did was to collect used clothing for the Mayor's Committee on Unemployment . . . it was quite a showing." Mercer is president of the chapter, and Peg Zellers is secretary. Her address is: Mrs. John Zellers, 210 Anderson Place, Buffalo, N. Y.



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# Connecticut College Alumnae News

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## Editorial Staff

### *Editor-in-Chief*

JENNIE COPELAND '29, 44 Blackhall Street, New London, Conn.

### *Managing Editor*

DOROTHY FELTNER '30, Alumnae Office, Connecticut College, New London, Conn.

### *Assistant Editors:*

Loretta Roche '21

Alice Taylor Dugan '25

Henrietta L. Owens '28

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## CONNECTICUT AIR CURRENTS

Connecticut College is taking her place as an educational factor in New England. We say *New England* because the majority attending events at college are drawn from the immediate New England locality. First of all, it seems certain that definite impetus can be given to self-education for the college graduate by scheduling Sunday morning of Alumnae Week-end for conferences on child development, mathematics, reading new books, and household decoration. The success of such stimulus seemed apparent at the close of the last session, when a number of alumnae equipped themselves with reading lists which the heads of our college departments have made available for graduates' use.

As most of us are aware, the general public is becoming government-conscious. Again Connecticut College is rising to the demand for more education for the adult in the state. At the close of college, from June 13 to 16, there will be a four-day school on state finance and budgets for New England women who are interested. The conference will be led by experts in government. The Connecticut League of Women Voters, an organization always promoting pure education in government, will run the June conference in collaboration with the college.

Considerable comment has been aroused by the announcement of the new course which is to be offered in next year's curriculum on problems in marriage and family life. Dr. Blunt stated in her announcement that there was a belief that "a college that does not prepare its students for marriage does not prepare them adequately for life." The subject matter of the course includes premarital problems as well as adjustments in married life, the psychology of reproduction, and the nutritional and psychological aspects of pregnancy and lactation, the development of the infant through childhood, and child-care.

And so adult education is getting its share of attention at Connecticut.

—Alice Taylor Dugan '25

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## A MESSAGE ON JUNE REUNIONS

The classes of 1923, 1928, 1930, and 1932 are laying humming plans for reunion this commencement. For all non-reuneing classes the ranks of 1911 are waiting, and the season promises to be gala.

Alumnae who have been in distant countries, or who have been too occupied with homes and professions, may be meeting for the first time since graduation. Scattered college-mates of only a year's absence have felt the gap since their commencement procession.

Everyone is welcome back to recapture important feelings, to renew the old delight of looking from the hill out over the blue sound, and to see the growing and always more beautiful C. C. campus. There is a place for us all here again. Let's meet on June 10.

Dorothy M. Feltner, *executive secretary*.



## Highlights on Campus

By ETHEL RUSS '34

When Mr. Kinsey is noble enough to sacrifice a mustache he had been nurturing for years, and Mr. Bauer is magnanimous enough to assume the sideburns of a respectable English butler, and Dr. Laubenstein is obliging enough to don the impressive mask of a heathen idol, naturally "the seekers after their learning" will turn out en masse to witness such a spectacle. The evening of March 22 saw the presentation of three faculty plays—"Shall We Join the Ladies" by Sir James Barrie, "Riders to the Sea" by John Synge, and "A Night at An Inn," by Lord Dunsany. The amusement at seeing Dr. Leib, Mr. Selden, and Mr. Kinsey disport themselves as questionable characters of an unquestionably low stratum, was overcome only by the excitement arising upon the stealthy entrance of Dr. Daghlion, Dr. Avery, and Mr. Hegarty, superbly garbed and grease-painted as heathen priests of Klesh!

Mascot hunt provided occupation for all but the seniors, who had to retire to the "libe" in order to get any work done. One sophomore became so proficient at sleeping under beds and such, or not sleeping at all, that her mother wondered why her laundry bag for that week contained so many dirty blouses and no pajamas! But the biggest joke was on the two sophomores who, "laying" for a clue in the Mohican lobby, overheard a man blandly inquire of the desk clerk where the radio-victrola was to go—and never connected it with the juniors' mascot!

One of the most interesting of the season's convocation lectures was given last month by Dame Rachel Crowdy, who spoke on Women in International Affairs. Dame Crowdy, a vivid, charming woman as well as an exceedingly forceful and stimulating speaker, is famous in the League of Nations work. She gave a fascinating account of her own work in the League and spoke of the accomplishments of several of her prominent women associates. In concluding Dame Crowdy advised her audience that merely being interested in internationalism was not enough. She urged the studying of other peoples, their language, literature, and daily press, in order to obtain a more sympathetic understanding between them. This knowledge, she claimed, is the only thing that will enable us to make internationalism of any value in world peace.

## Suggested Reading

### BOOKS ON COMPARATIVE RELIGION

(Arranged by DR. PAUL F. LAUBENSTEIN)

Austin, F. Britten: "When Mankind Was Young"

Fascinating fiction reflecting primitive life.

Barton, George A.: "The Religions of the World"

Clear and well arranged.

Beck, L. Adams: "The Story of Oriental Philosophy"

Fundamental for a study of primitive religions; beautifully written.

Frazer, Sir James George: "The Golden Bough"

"Man, God, and Immortality"

Hopkins, E. W.: "The History of Religions"

"The Origin and Evolution of Religion"

Scholarly with numerous details.

Hume, Robert E.: "The World's Living Religions"

The most complete book on the subject.

Menzies, Allan: "History of Religions"

Old, but still good.

Moore, George Foot: "History of Religions"

A basic work.

Pratt, James B.: "The Pilgrimage of Buddhism"

A most human document.

Seabrook, W. B.: "Adventures in Arabia"

"The Magic Island"

"Jungle Ways"

Personal chronicles inimitably related by one interested in religion.

Soper, Edmund D.: "The Religions of Mankind"

Very readable.

Schweitzer, Albert: "Christianity and the Religions of the World"

A well-balanced presentation.

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"Depression Dinners" is the latest innovation in an attempt to augment our scholarship fund. One of these poverty parties has already been held, at which the "guests" appeared in their best "brother-can-you-spare-a-dime-clothes," partook heartily and noisily of hot dogs, coffee, and doughnuts, and were taxed two cents as their individual contribution. Its success was so instantaneous that another similar event is being planned in the near future. The sum obtained amounted to \$60, which we think is a whole lot of "two cents"!



## THIS MUSIC RACKET

In this Article Roberta Bitgood '28 Humorously Relates the Trials and Joys of the "Organ Profession"

**M**USIC has been considered a lady-like pastime for many generations. However, the advent of women into the music profession, strictly speaking, has been more recent. For some years women have had a monopoly on the supervision of vocal music in the public schools and on soprano and contralto singing outside the Episcopal and Catholic churches that employ male choirs. Aside from that, it has been difficult for women to get into the profession except in a small way for little remuneration. Those who hung out a "shingle" and "accepted pupils" had to have quite a number in order to make a living.

If we should count the churches in the United States, large and small, and should take count of their organists, I would not be at all surprised to find a very great majority of them women. We would find, however, a large number of them with little or no training and receiving anywhere from nothing to \$5 a week for their services. Most of these cannot really be considered part of the organ "profession," but their possibilities for doing good in their communities for the cause of music must not be slighted. It is not surprising, however, that a picture, including a "type," a personality, and a low grade of playing, comes to mind when one says "lady organist." Because of this we often hear the statement, "It takes a *man* to play an organ." The prejudice against women organists is a very difficult thing to overcome. Most of the churches that expect to pay their organist what might be called a salary specify either that they prefer a man or that they will *not* have a woman. It means that a woman trying for a position has to put all the men in the shade before she will be even considered.

It might be of interest to know how an organist secures a position in a church in and around New York city—a position that is worth seeking. First of all, you hear of a prospective vacancy through an agency,

friend, or teacher. Then you sit down and compose as remarkable a letter as you can, reciting accomplishments and education and such. Perhaps you will never receive even an acknowledgment. Then again, you may get a telephone call within 48 hours to come for an audition almost immediately; so you drop everything, grab a brief-case full of music, and fly to the spot. You walk in and find a church that seems well-filled with people. Perhaps 35 of them are organists who would like the job. At least, they have

the "look." Then you see a group with a totally different aspect. They must be the "music committee." Perhaps one of them hands you a sheet of paper on which you again write your life history, and they give you a number. You sit, perhaps for hours, listening to these fellow-sufferers play pieces and hymns. Finally your number is called. You walk up to the organ as bravely as possible, and when you arrive you may discover that you have never before seen a console of that type. So,

with no period for trying out any stops or groups of them, you draw some that look as if they should sound good and you sail in and hope for the best. Perhaps after a few hours the committee decides that out of this crowd there are five organists in whom they are interested, so the names are read. The others can go home.

If you happen to be one of the five, you meet the members of the committee personally, and they scrutinize you from top to toe and fire questions at you. Then they may invite you to conduct a choir rehearsal in front of them, so that they may know whether or not they approve of your method, and they may invite you to play for a Sunday service so the "people" can hear you. At the latter occasion perhaps half of the congregation will remain after church to furnish the committee with the names of various compositions they would like to hear before they will place the stamp of approval on the prospective organist. They may get

Roberta Bitgood '28 majored in music and mathematics while at Connecticut and studied the organ with Dr. Erb. She is a Gold Medal Graduate of the Guilman Organ School in New York and a Fellow in the American Guild of Organists. She obtained her M.A. degree at Columbia last year. She has been organist and director of music at three large churches in New York and has been connected with the music departments of two New York settlements. She was a soloist at the convention of the National Association of Organists in Rochester last August. At present her position is organist and director of music at Westminster Presbyterian Church, Bloomfield, N. J., where her responsibilities include direction of four choirs.



an hour's free concert this way. Perhaps one of the Board of Trustees has a daughter who is to be married soon, so he must hear the wedding marches. There is always someone present who will wish to hear Handel's Largo. Then they may ask to hear you play something from memory, and perhaps to improvise, as the latter figures so largely in a unified church service. Then, as a climax to your years of work and study on the larger Preludes and Fuges of Bach and the Organ Symphonies of Widor and Vierne, someone requests "Love's Old Sweet Song." You play it "soulfully," with great "feeling," hitting a chime now and then, putting in a nice ethereal effect on the echo organ, and the job is yours. The other applicants, when they get wind of it, are positively furious at the thing that gave you the job. You are perhaps amused and slightly exasperated at the way things happen in this world, and you begin to attack the job, glad to be sure of a roof over your head for a year, to say the least.

Of course, an organist needs to know much more than how to play. Sometimes the actual playing seems the smallest part of the work. One needs to know as much as possible about choirs and their management; anthems suitable to all occasions that your choir can make sound good; how to teach voice to a certain extent; how to manage and teach children of all ages; and, above all, tact in handling "professional" singers who think they are musicians.

There is another thing that one always has to know, especially if young in the profession, and that is something about practical mechanics. There are certain committees that are under the delusion that once they buy an organ, no more money should ever be spent on it. An organ needs constant attention, or it will develop all kinds of most annoying things. My first organ job in New York was in a church that had the world's worst organ—at least, the man who had repaired it in the past told me it was the worst he knew around the whole New York area. The people thought they had a "nice old organ" that had "lovely mellow tones." They did not seem to hear that none of those mellow tones were in tune with each other. As I wanted the job, I knew it was up to me to make it

sound as good as possible. When I played, I tried to exclude all combinations that made the clashes sound out badly. That left me very little variety, but that was the lesser evil. On a few occasions, however, I recall going into the church with hammer, screwdriver, and ball of twine, and attempting to remedy a few of the outstanding defects. Once or twice I induced some friends with mechanical aptitude to help me figure out how to splice small slivers of wood without breaking the five or six pieces in the neighborhood that were in just as dubious a state. I remember on one occasion one of the large pipes 16 feet long began to roar constantly whenever the power was on, so I decided to investigate. I went inside, through many inches of the dust of the years, and found the offending pipe. I discovered by putting my hand in the opening at the bottom that it would stop, so I looked around and found a book entitled "How to teach the Sunday School," which I immediately stuffed into said opening. The pipe remained silent for several weeks, to my relief. When this organ was in this state of "repair," I could make it sound fairly well if I used all the muscle I had ever developed rowing and bicycling. (A modern organ should play as easily as a piano.) However, I was always exhausted after two services. May I add to my remarks on this subject a plea to those of my readers who may at some time have control over an organ, directly or indirectly, to have it kept in constant repair. It will give more years of reliable service, it will be much more satisfactory and less taxing to play on, and it will sound better.

As in all professions, there are the bright and amusing sides. The unexpected can happen if one happens to be a musician, and has not the musicianly "look"—an indescribable something that most of us with experience can identify, just as a medical doctor can almost diagnose certain cases at a glance. I recall one occasion, when I was connected with a New York settlement that was running a concert series, that there was to be a 'cello and piano concert, the pianist being a rather well known composer in addition. When the time for the concert came, they realized that someone would be needed to turn the music for the pianist. The head of the music department rushed upstairs after me, hoping that I was in. Fortunately I was, and I was glad to help. I went down to the auditorium and back stage. The 'cellist, a member of the staff whom I knew quite well, introduced me to the pianist, stating that I had consented to turn the music. He looked me over, and as he prepared to give me voluminous instructions he asked, "Do you read notes?"



# THOUGHTS ON THE THEATRE

Written for ALUMNAE NEWS by STEPHEN HEGARTY, Director of the Faculty Plays

ON the evening of March 22 the faculty presented three one-act plays to the college audience. It was President Blunt's idea; some months ago she asked me to organize the faculty for dramatic production. We have made a beginning of what we all hope will prove to be a lively, faculty dramatic club.

There is no doubt that the audience enjoyed the evening. But for some of the students it was a "riot." And that calls for comment. It was to be expected that the students, never having seen the faculty on the boards, would find cause for laughter where none was intended. But some of them laughed during "RIDERS TO THE SEA," a grand tragedy, beautiful poetry and, mark you, well played. That laughter, it seems to me, was a symptom of a major disease of our middle-class civilization—the refusal to face reality. It was a sickly embarrassment in the presence of an important truth so dramatically expressed that it could not be ignored, the truth that we are all born and must die. More mature people frequently betray this embarrassment in speech: "But the play is so sad; I like to be amused when I go to the theatre."

To expect a thrill from the theatre (in the popular sense of that term) is normal. To wish to see a gorgeous pageant—the greatest show on earth—is proper. To laugh at a couple of fool, vaudeville headliners until one is sore is, undoubtedly, good medicine. To be amused by a clever farce is refreshing. But these are sideshows, specialties; parts, not the whole. For that reason they don't satisfy, they leave a bad taste in the mind. They may well be included in any drama, but they are not the true drama that has been the salvation of mankind down through the ages. In the past, drama was religion and religion, drama. (It is so today among primitive people.) And this drama was alive because it embodied the daily hopes and fears of the people.

In our age, when our daily lives tend to be more and more remote from reality, we need more than ever to learn that the essentials of existence have not changed. In our age, when religion has become personal, we need more than ever a common drama. The more cultivated we become, the more we need the theatre, not as a place of chance entertainment to while away an idle hour or two, but as the temple of the mind and heart where we should go for *re-creation*, to experience that catharsis of the spirit which is the function of all great art.

Today we have a professional Broadway

theatre which is slick, competent, smart, sure-fire and little else—a sort of liveliness going on in a husk. There are some notable exceptions to be sure, but not many. To a lesser extent the same is true of England, though the "West End" theatre is neither so smart nor so competent. The Little Theatre movement which began twenty-five years ago and which gave great promise fifteen years ago has gone professional; in other words, it is dead. More and more the little theatres have thought in terms of the box-office and have gone to Broadway for its latest, brightest successes.

The only hope for a genuine theatre lies in the development of new groups of community theatres. While it is not possible to have in every community a great theatre, it is possible to develop in most communities a theatre which is alive, which is willing to experiment and learn and which, having become aware of the great drama of the past, is prepared in all humility to attempt the problems of our day. In achieving a genuine theatre the amount of talent uncovered will be amazing. For the strength of the theatre as an institution lies in this—that it enables all of us to be contributing artists. And not the least important contribution is that of an understanding, keenly critical, and sympathetic audience. And most certainly a community with a live theatre

(Continued on Page 16)

## FACULTY PLAYS MAY 6

May 6 is scheduled for the second performance of the three one-act plays given by the faculty and directed by Stephen Hegarty, who had experience with the stage in many parts of the country before he joined the C. C. community.

The plays are "Shall We Join the Ladies" by James Barrie, including a cast of 15 faculty players; "Riders to the Sea" by the Irish playwright, John Synge, in which Alice Ramsay distinguishes herself in the major role; and finally, a vigorous drama by Baron Edward Dunsany, "A Night in an Inn," in which Mr. Roberts, Mr. Selden, Mr. Kinsey, and Mr. Leib present notable performances.

The date of May 6, therefore, is highly recommended for alumnae pilgrimages to the gymnasium-theatre for an introduction to the Faculty Players.



## "GOD'S COUNTRY"

(Excerpts from an Article by DR. HENRY W. LAWRENCE)

"In our early schooldays we were made aware that our blessed national preëminence was due in large part to God's stubborn predilection for the United States of America; in part also to the superhuman virtue and prowess of George Washington and his associates. The Pilgrim Fathers had played some role that we did not fully understand, but apparently their addiction to church-going had somehow attracted God's attention and benevolence toward New England and adjacent regions. Much later Abraham Lincoln had appeared on the scene, wearing a shawl and a tall hat, and had freed the slaves, long before any other nation had even thought of doing such a noble deed, and thereby filled the black race in America full of everlasting gratitude toward the white. Likewise Mexico and the other heathen nations southward to Cape Horn were, or ought to be, full of gratitude for our Monroe Doctrine by which we said to the ravening wolves of European imperialism, 'You shall not pass.' This Pan-American gratitude to Uncle Sam expressed itself in oceans of oil and billions of bananas, loving gifts from our loyal little neighbor nations.

"As for our more remote neighbors, across the ocean, in all fairness we were forced to admit that they were a bad lot; more to be pitied than blamed perhaps, but certainly deserving to be eyed with distrust and politely concealed but contemptuous amusement. Only one of them knew how to speak English; most of them had never even heard of baseball. They were oppressed

by despotic kings, dominated by effete and bemonocled nobilities, menaced by bomb-tossing anarchists. Small wonder that such of their citizens as could raise the money for a steerage ticket clamored for admission through Ellis Island to the land behind the Statue of Liberty. . . . .

"We were totally unaware then of the miracles which can be performed with any set of facts by pedagogy and patriotism. Subject to a few exceptions it seems that patriotism does not need facts for its support, and that the nations most puffed up with patriotic pride are those who have least reason to be thus inflated. Every country, however shabby or decadent it may seem to outsiders, is easily accepted by its schoolchildren as 'God's country'; the implication being that other countries have less of the divine favor and that enemy states can find favor only with the Devil. . . . .

"In all seriousness, however, the 'God's country' idea is a major menace to world peace and justice, and there is urgent need, as a preliminary to world disarmament, that God be de-nationalized. The essentially juvenile, not to say imbecilic, notion that the Creator and Upholder of the Universe plays favorites in our petty nationalistic brawls, has long been and still is a powerful aid toward chaos and calamity. It is high time that intelligent patriots and humanitarians joined in laughing it out of existence. Thus would a long step be taken toward deflating irrational and provocative patriotisms throughout the world."



A History Conference with Dr. Henry W. Lawrence



## AWAY FROM THE HILLTOP

1919

**Correspondent**—GRACE COCKINGS, 82 Bellevue Avenue, Bristol, Conn.

Louise Ansley Knapp and her husband have taken a year and a half old baby whom they call Margaret. A club to which Louise belongs gave her a shower; she received many lovely gifts of clothes, books, etc.

Esther Barnes expects to get her degree the sixth of June. She is now preparing to teach physics in her school next year, as an extra class is entering. Esther sees Ella McCullom Valteich in New York occasionally. She called on Polly Christie at Christmas time.

Helen Gough reports that the New York C. C. chapter has started meeting again, with new quarters in the Barbizon hotel. She says more interest is to be created in the main chapter by having small groups in Westchester, Long Island, and Brooklyn.

Prent has a new position—that of executive secretary of the Home and School Visitors' Association. Already she has made several speeches. One of these was made in connection with a course at Boston university, when Prent gave the lecture on "The Visiting Teacher." She also carried out a course on child welfare given at Boston Teachers' college.

Dr. Ruth Anderson is president of the Boston C. C. chapter, which gave a reception in honor of Dr. Blunt recently. Mrs. Sykes was there; Miss Wood, formerly of the C. C. faculty, came in from Wellesley; and Virginia Rose came down from Proctor, Vermont.

Florence Lennon Romaine sends the following:

Helen Gough has opened a new office in Poughkeepsie. Florence and Dot Peck converse on the telephone fairly often and plan meetings, which so far haven't worked out. Florence visited with Ellen Carroll Wilcox in the fall. Ellen has two attractive children and looks prettier and younger than ever.

Sue Wilcox spent a week-end in New York with Madeline Hinchey '20. The latter has a nice apartment on 42nd street and is in charge of the cataloguing of serials in the New York Public library.

Sadie Coit Benjamin, Rosa Wilcox, Irma, Mid Wells Colby, Ruth Potter, Cora Neilan, Henrici, Sue, Priscilla, Frances Saunders

Tarbell, Mad Dray Kepes, Billy Williams Baker, and Chippy represented 1919 on Alumnae Day.

Dr. Nan Barr Mavity has just had a second book chosen by the Crime Club.

Katherine Holway is now Mrs. Earl Goodwin, and she is living in Augusta, Maine.

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Marion (Kofsky) Harris, secretary of the class of 1919, writes as follows:

"Our class voted at its last reunion to hold its next in 1935, and is asking 1919, 1920, and 1921 to re-une at the same time. Although that sets us back a year and advances some of the other classes, it should make for a successful reunion, having four classes who were in college back at the same time."

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1920

**Correspondent**—JOAN MUNRO ODELL, 166 Farrington Avenue, North Tarrytown, N. Y.

**MARRIED**—Marion Gammons to Dr. A. W. Fitch; address, Oswegatchie, Conn.

**OTHER NEWS**—Betty Williams went on a six weeks trip to the Mediterranean in February. This time she expected to go to Jerusalem instead of only to Nice, as she did on her last trip.

Agnes Jennings is still teaching at the Bristol high school.

Loretta Higgins, after a year of noteworthy work in the French department of the Plainfield high school, has been appointed head of the department for next year. She recently directed an interesting program for the Lafrance French Prize contest, at which Dr. Esther C. Cary and Dorothy Henkle '21 were judges.

♦ ♦ ♦

1921

(Despite a series of attempts the editor has as yet received no signs of action or interest in the way of 1921 correspondence. Action by the class and its officers in appointing a correspondent would be appreciated.)

♦ ♦ ♦

1922

**Correspondent**—ANNE SLADE FREY, 35 School Street, Hanover, N. H.



1923

**Correspondent**—VIRGINIA P. EDDY, 35 Otis Street, Newtonville, Mass.

**BORN**—To Marion *Page* French, a daughter, Lois Muriel, on July 14 (and this is as fast as news traveled when Columbus was born); to Betty *Moyle* Gold, a fourth son, Robert Grant, on December 20.

**OTHER NEWS**—The perennial globe-trotter, Ethel Kane, emerged from bed, grippe, and orange juice into the winter's heaviest sea and was successfully washed ashore at Havana, radiating the bloom of the Caribbean. By the time she returned to Egypt (that's the part of the Massachusetts sticks where her family hearth lies) her health and disposition had revived, and I don't doubt she was singing "Get our speed" with her old collegiate fervor.

Alumnae Week-end failed to bring out more than a handful of our classmates, which must mean we are saving our strength and money for reunion. Our president and treasurer went down as a nucleus for a reunion committee meeting, from which emanated great and concrete plans. Whatever you do, don't miss the class banquet. It is worth a lot to see what ten years can do to some people, and you will be sure to go home feeling either a lot older or vastly younger than you now think you are.

Speaking of age—Ethel Kane and I salied forth to the dinner given for Miss Blunt by the Boston chapter. We were the only members of '23 there, and maybe we didn't feel important (and antique) sitting near the end of the table allotted to the oldest alumnae.

More than ever do we crave corrected address, whereabouts of ex-members, etc., and any hoarded information of this sort should be sent immediately to Al Ramsay at the college. And please, everybody, send all printable gossip to your correspondent who needs it badly (obviously, too).

♦ ♦ ♦

1924

**Correspondent**—HELEN DOUGLASS NORTH, Maple Avenue, North Haven, Conn.



The above picture was taken in November on David Vibert Clark's first birthday, and in it from left to right are Joan Elisabeth Roberts, four year old daughter of Dot *Bradway* Roberts; David and Barbara Ann Clark, one year old son and four year old daughter of Marion *Vibert* Clark.

**MARRIED**—Julia Morrissey to Robert Fuller in November.

**BORN**—To Iola *Marin* Matthews, a daughter, Anne Charlotte, on February 10.

**OTHER NEWS**—As the months and years fly by before one can even learn to whistle a current popular song, we are being urged by our president, Mary *Snodgrass* MacCutcheon, to put on our "thinking caps" and map out a real reunion for our "10th," which will be here in June, 1934. She reminds us that Billy *Renwick* Holbrook is chairman of entertainment and will no doubt welcome any suggestions we can send her.

Ginie Hays is vacationing in the West Indies, so I hear.

Ava *Mulholland* Hilton, Carl, and the two youngsters are now living at 6161 Hill Road, Oakland, California, having left Newton Centre and sailed on a Dollar liner. Carl leaves for an Alaskan cruise on May 5 to be gone until December 1. Ava and Kay Moss lunched together recently, and Kay appeared to be enjoying life as a criminologist's secretary.

Peggy Call spent the last week of her Christmas vacation in Hartford visiting her cousin, Fran Jones '27. While there, Genie Walsh gave a supper party for her and had as her guests Janet *Crawford* How, Peggy *Dunham* Cornwell, Connie *Bridge* Allen, and Frances Jones.



Peggy Dunham Cornwell was her sister's only attendant when Laurie became the bride of Louis Sternschuss in March.

Minna Gardner Thompson, Tom, and the two youngsters have moved from Coit street to 129 Hillside avenue, Holyoke, and now have a home with roses and grapevines that they have no idea how to take care of.

Marion Sanford is with the Connecticut Power company in New London and manages to keep busy "here and there."

Betty Ames Johnson of Jamestown, New York, ex-'24, has two sons, one and one-half and four, who keep her so busy she has practically given up horseback riding.

Catts Holmes Brandow writes, "Life is not dull at present, for under the California sun anything can happen . . . . This horticultural life has vivid contrasts, and living is more healthful, natural, and less conventional than back East, but we do miss New England's general culture.

"I do wish you might pop in on us in our little low-swung, stream-lined brown bungalow, built hacienda style, with a ramada porch decorated with gourds and red chili pepper strings.

"I was in the kitchen at the time of the earthquake and at first thought that a huge truck was passing the house. Everything shook and rattled and rumbled, so out I went to find what the neighbors' verdict was. All were outdoors and much excited. Refugees poured into Vista with unbelievable tales of the harrowing and humorous incidents, and many people slept in their cars or around bonfires in vacant lots and parks. The constant earth rumblings for many days quite got on people's nerves, but through it all a fine spirit of coöperation and helpfulness existed. Southern Californians are complete optimists, of course, and are now congratulating themselves on the fact that no more quakes are scheduled for nearly 50 years.

"Charlotte Hall Holton lives in a nearby county, but otherwise I have not discovered other daughters of 'Alma the Martyr,' as Genie would say."

Dot Cramer would love to have C. Cites drop into the Torrington library, where she has been working for some time. She has returned from a thirteen-day trip to the West Indies. Dot spent a night in New York with Betty Holmes on her way home. Betty is working for the Red Cross in Jamaica, Long Island.

1925

**Correspondent**—GRACE DEMAREST WRIGHT, 1225 Park Avenue, New York City.

**BORN**—To Peg Ewing Hoag, a daughter, Alice Garrett, on January 24; to Lila Gallup Ulrey, a son, Joseph Madison Ulrey, Jr., on February 8; to Aileen Fowler Dike, a son, Kenneth Gordan, on March 21.

**OTHER NEWS**—Our deepest sympathy is extended to Idell Godard Redway, whose father passed away in February, and to Orpha Brown Mitchell, who lost her mother at Thanksgiving and her father just after New Year's.

Dorothy Kilbourn writes that in her annual trek to New York she had dinner with Jeannette McCroddan of Bloomfield, N. J.

Your correspondent had a long, interesting letter from Sue Stolzenberg Baker, whose address is 224 West 9th Street, Port Angeles, Washington. Her husband is executive officer on the cutter "Snokomish," and they expect to stay there for his full tour of duty. Sue has two children, a little girl one year old and a boy, six and one-half. She writes that Port Angeles is beautifully located; at their front door they have the Straits of Juan de Fuca, and at their back door the snow-covered Olympic mountains. Victoria, B. C., is directly across the Straits, and on clear days the town can be seen.

Betsy Allen is now at home with her family in Chicago.

Janet Aldrich Hudson went to Bermuda over New Year's.

Catherine Calhoun was recently elected president of the Litchfield County College club. She is also president of the Junior Woman's club.

Susie Warner is secretary for the National Women's committee of the Welfare and Relief Mobilization in New York.

Jackie Albree Houston entertained Susie and your correspondent and her husband at a very delightful Sunday night supper party at her home in Staten Island.

We also enjoyed a tea given by Eleanor Harriman Baker in January which was a get-together for many of the class of '25 and their acquired spouses. Among those present were Connie Campbell Collins, Susie Warner, and Jackie Albree Houston. The religious element of New London was represented by the Rev. Mr. Kerridge and his son, Markham.

Betsy Wrenshall, ex-'25, went abroad in November, and just as she was reluctantly heading for home, she landed a job teach-



ing English in a convent in Rome, while she herself is studying French and Italian.

Olive Hurlburt is living in Rye this winter. Her mother and two sisters, Helen, ex-'29, and Adele, have been in Sweden, and Ethel, ex-'31, is in Chicago with their brother.

❖ ❖ ❖

### 1926

**Correspondent**—ROSAMOND BEEBE, 232 Park Street, Montclair, N. J.

**MARRIED**—Laura Dunham to Louis Sternschuss, Jr., on March 11; Harriet Stone to Oscar F. Warner of Waterbury, on November 5.

**BORN**—To Ruth McCaslin Eager, a daughter, Sandra; to Evelyn Sherman Grumman, a son.

**OTHER NEWS**—Bank holidays and such arrived just as the return postcards I threatened were to go to press, so I cancelled the idea to be in style with the wheels of economy.

A bit of news from Boston reveals that Att Muirhead Kimball made a flying visit to New York—and by flying is meant aeroplane—but only remained for a few days. I suppose she had to get home quickly to see that her energetic and adorable young daughter, Barbara Anne, was keeping out of mischief.

Sis Angier does not let not having a job get under her skin and is keeping busy taking swimming lessons and vocal lessons in her spare time.

Lois Gordon, Candy, and Amy Wakefield represented 1926 at the big dinner held in Boston for President Blunt. They all can boast having jobs still.

Harriet Stone's wedding was well attended by those from 1926; among those present were Elinor Bond Armstrong, Barbara Bell Crouch, Hazel Brackett, Kay Dauchy, Inez Hess, Frances Green, Alice Hess Patterson.

Laurie Dunham's husband is the brother of a C. C. graduate—Gertrude Sternschuss. She will be at the same address, 69 Stanley Street, New Haven, for a while.

Betty Damerel Gongaware and Millie Dornan Dean met quite by accident in New York recently. Betty was down just for a day from Westerly, where her husband is now practicing.

Millie reports that Thomps cancelled her reservations for Europe because she is sure there will be a war there soon.

Hazel Osborn is sailing for a grand trip to Europe in June.

The day of HOARDERS is over. Take the hint and stop hoarding the 1926 news which does not seem to reach my ears.

### 1927

**Correspondent**—ESTHER CHANDLER, 14 Worcester Street, Boston, Mass.

**ENGAGED**—Peg Woodworth and Arthur Shaw, who plan to have an early summer wedding and then make their home on the Pacific coast.

**BORN**—To Marian Worden Bell, her second child, Ann, on March 7; to Mary Morton Funnel, ex-'27, a son, Morton; to Lib Fowler Coxe, her second child, a son, George, Jr., in the fall; to Dosia Sanford Clute, a son, Peter Van Zandt, in the fall; to Mary Storer Brooks, a daughter, Mary Patricia, on March 16; to Frannie Fletcher Learned, a daughter, Ann Bushnell, on February 18.

**OTHER NEWS**—Marie Copp is still teaching at Wilson College and spending her summers on the farm at Gales Ferry.

Connie Noble Gatchell writes, "My husband was transferred from Syracuse to New York City, so I had to resign the chairmanship of the Social Committee and of the Child Study Group in the American Association of University Women." Her new address is 35 Chatfield Road, Bronxville, N. Y.

Alice Cook still has her position as director of religious education in the Edwards Church in Northampton and likes it ever so much.

Mildred Potts has moved to Cincinnati.

Helen Lehman Bettenwieser, in addition to being the mother of a nine months old son, keeps two jobs going all the time—one, child welfare work with the city and the other, a Mental Hygiene clinic.

Sally Carslake spent part of her Easter vacation in Boston, thereby pleasing Marian Lamson and Esther Chandler.

At the class meeting in June it was voted to collect a tax of one dollar every other year to pay our share of the alumnae secretary's salary and to go toward the class gift at our tenth reunion. Please pay up when your bill comes, and save the class the postage of further bills.

❖ ❖ ❖

### 1928

**Correspondent**—DOROTHY DAVENPORT VOORHEES, Alpine Drive, Brighton Station, Rochester, N. Y.

**BORN**—To Grace Bigelow Churchill, a daughter, Sally Bigelow, on November 2.



1929

**Correspondent**—MURIEL S. KENDRICK, 115 Bellevue Street, Newton, Mass.

**MARRIED**—Madelin Bartlett to Garner R. Weed; address, Beaux Arts Apartments, 307 E. 44th Street, New York City.

**OTHER NEWS**—Mary Slayter reports there were fourteen of the class back for Alumnae Week-end. Speedro Greer was master of ceremonies at the dinner at Norwich Inn. The same slate of officers was re-elected.

Dot Thayer has been in Florida for a month or so of winter sunshine.

Betty Williams Moody's wedding was quite a C. C. affair, for Betty's bridesmaids included Jo Arnold, Sue Comfort '32, Virginia Lutzenkerchen '25, and Harriet Heile, ex-'25. Betty (Mrs. Arthur M. Moody, Jr.) is living at 405 East 54th Street, New York.

\* \* \*

1930

**Correspondent**—JANE MURPHY, 89 West Street, Danbury, Conn.

Ruth "Noey" Hodgkins was married to Edward Ruggles Hodgkins on March 24 in the Piedmont Congregational Church, Worcester, Mass. Dr. Benjamin T. Marshall performed the ceremony. Among the bridesmaids were Evelyn Clarke, Barbara White, and Bee Josselyn.

"Babe" Barrett Bertine's daughter, Joan, arrived on October 27.

While your interest is still aroused, take thought on this message from Adelaide Finch, our class president. She says, "Let's start making plans now so that as many as possible will come back to college in June. This will be our third reunion, and there will be many interesting events to talk over. New officers will be elected, and Dot Feltner will see that we are entertained."

Louisa Kent caused many a heart to groan with envy as she sat in her sunny Florida atmosphere, while the snow piled high around her northern friends, and sent out tantalizing picture postals. These pictures carefully marked with an "X" showed "the pool where I swim every day" or the "paths I ride on" or "the palms where I keep cool." Kentie was really supposed to be working as a secretary to a writer and has now returned home.

Barbara Ward, who has been lost to us for years, has been located in Pontiac, Mich. She wrote a lively account of many harum-scarum adventures, among them a description of a very unique pet, a baby quail "which follows you all over." She concludes by saying, "My brother and I have been recovering an airplane, the one Connie

Ganoe and Betty Gabriel rode in. I should hate to have to repair the yacht that Frances Gabriel, Betty, and Connie demolished. At present I am after a contract and expect to go to New Orleans."

Dorothy Barrett was elected president of the newly organized Business Girls' Club of Windsor; Alice Taylor Dugan '25 is one of the directors.

Isabel Gilbert from the wilds of Montreal writes, "I still struggle on at McGill, gradually approaching the end of third year with two more to go. It's really fascinating, and I get a big kick out of having reached the hospital stage and having the occasional uninformed patient call me 'Doctor'."

Edith Allen and Eleanor Meurer are both living in San Leandro, Calif., with their respective Coast Guard husbands. Ellie was married to William Chiswell last August. Edie has "an adorable youngster, Allen, age eleven months."

Eleanor Tyler and Doris Ryder are still successful with their theater.

Ned Whitehead Gibson is on her way to Seattle with her family consisting of Joan, aged three, and Hugh, aged one.

Elizabeth "Mothball" Moise is married to Doris Ryder's brother and is the proud mother of a small son.

Marjorie Ritchie still has her job as technician at the Pondville hospital, Wrentham, Mass.

Elizabeth Hicks is about to learn how to teach the deaf at some school for that purpose in New York.

Betty McCusker in cheerful vein as ever writes, "I stopped working August 4 (note that all important things happen on that date, such as the beginning of the World War, etc") She goes on to say, "It would pay me not to take a job." Probably by now she is back in the business world hoarding up gold and what-nots. No matter what's happening, she's having a grand romance and may therefore be classed under the "blessed."

Barbara White is working hard on social service problems in Worcester, Mass., handling as many as 150 families at a time.

Allison Durkee Tyler and O. Z. are having "swell times week-ending at Jacksonville."

Frances "Pete" Brooks is working in an art shop in Boston.

Betty Bahney has been visiting her roommate, Helen Burhans Bishop, at the latter's home in Syracuse.

Gwen Thomen Sherman and husband are living in Evanston, Ill.



Dorothy *Harner* Saunders spends most of her time taking care of a very lively son.

Betty *Webster* Hinman now has a second daughter, Betty Jane.

Kay Fuller has been working for a charity organization in Yonkers, N. Y.

Mercer *Camp* Stone and family are holding "open house" as usual. Mercer writes, "When we came to Buffalo, I surely thought we would see all the newlyweds, but the lure of Niagara Falls hasn't brought a single honeymooner to our house. We hereby extend an invitation!" Mercer and Peg *Merriam* Zellers with the help of many enthusiastic supporters are forming a C. C. chapter in Buffalo.

Just received an attractive announcement of the opening of "The Spinning Wheel," a tea-room and gift shop under the management of Helen Oakley and Mildred Adams and located in Caldwell, N. J.

As for me, I am in the Danbury high school, spending part of my time in the library and the other part in an English and civics class.

♦ ♦ ♦

1931

Correspondent—MELICENT WILCOX BUCKINGHAM, Mill Hill, Southport, Conn.

♦ ♦ ♦

1932

Correspondent—GERTRUDE S. BUTLER, 7105 Greene Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

ENGAGED—Constance Bennett, ex-'32.

MARRIED—Mildred Pratt to Leonard Pitt Megginson, on January 7; Adelaide Bristol to Tony Satterthwaite of Huntingdon Valley, Penna., on January 6; Ellen Noyes to Wallace Eddie.

BORN—To Margaret *Smith* Lambert, a daughter, Joan, on January 21.

OTHER NEWS—We hear that Dorothy Bell is engrossed in Junior League work in Youngstown. Ruth Seanor "is being very gay and planning for a visit to the great East." In March Peg Leland appeared in the cast of "Vincent Ventures," the annual production of the Vincent Club of Boston.

Mildred *Pratt* Megginson writes that their honeymoon was spent in San Antonio and New Orleans. Now she and Leonard are living in an apartment in the suburbs of St. Louis. Mary Elizabeth *Wyeth* Jones is very happy in her Cambridge apartment. Adelaide *Bristol* Satterthwaite is in Central America. She and her husband left for San Jose, where Tony is vice-consul, immediately after the wedding.

It is reported that Deborah Roud is expending her artistic talents in a Boston department store. Rachel Tyler has rented a typewriter and is practicing "J; J" in Athol. Barbara Johnson is very much pleased with her year of apprentice teaching at Shady Hill School in Boston. She claims to have spent many hours perched on countless radiators while "observing." Eleanor Schneider has been working since last fall in Kresge's department store in Newark.

Betty Root has a permanent position in the Malden Public library. Peggy Cochran, ex-'32, is studying in Paris. Ruth Smith, ex-'32, has a job in White Plains. Pauline Watts has been teaching shorthand all winter in the Stamford high school. To Isabelle Bartlett go our sympathy and all the encouragement in the world toward a speedy recovery; Sis managed to fracture her other knee-cap this winter.

In New London Catherine Campbell is doing social service work with the Unemployment Relief Committee. Dorothy Hill occupies herself with Girl Scout work. Go into Genung's (the Hislop's of our younger days) and either Marian Allen or Myra O'Connell will be there to help you. The library in Old Lyme is keeping Catherine Wilcox busy.

In spite of sad stories of jobs yet un-found or of jobs found only to be lost all too soon, there is a brightness in the thought that we were graduated before the jig-saw plague descended. It has come to our ears that many a 1932 alumna has struggled over them this winter. It is quite evident, therefore, that 1932, with its violent devotion to any fad, would have flunked en masse had the puzzles burst a year sooner.

## Thoughts on the Theatre

(Continued from Page 9)

cannot be a community which hides its head in the sand and refuses to face reality.

It has often been said in our day that the theatre is a land of make-believe. It is true that our so-called, realistic theatre is lacking in reality. The true theatre, however, is not a means of escape from reality but a mirror which reflects life more clearly. And let us never forget that the genuine theatre is a land of play—a land of romp and poetry.

Is it too much to hope that from our modest beginning we may go on to discover that land here at Connecticut College?



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*B*y the way, you know  
friends sometimes offer me  
Chesterfields, and about the  
only thing they say is, "I be-  
lieve you'll enjoy them!"

*they Satisfy*



— *the Cigarette that's Milder*  
*the Cigarette that Tastes Better*